

PLANT LIFE

If a couple weeks or so from now you see a five-room house with garage combined but without doors being towed by a speedboat across the Illinois River, that's Unit No. 1 on its way to Cradledump Colony. When she is in place, a cutting torch will quickly carve out the doors.

Even if she weighs over 40 ton, there's no danger of her sinking en route, because she's airtight and only draws around a foot of water.

Five rooms—living room 16'6" x 17'3", bedroom 11'5" x 13'10", bedroom 10' x 16'6", bedroom or breakfast room 9'3" x 16'6", kitchen 9'8" x 17'3", bathroom 6'6" x 7'8", garage, furnace room and laundry 13'9" x 22'3". Outside dimensions 32' x 44'. Hot air furnace with stoker for automatic coal heat (\$2 a ton); individual pipes to each room and return to circulate heat—water-cooled air through same pipes in summer.

She is to go across the river complete—furnace, electric stove, built-in bath tub—maybe even the furniture.

Don't look for a door either on the big boiler house that's to heat the Peoria plant. There isn't going to be any. Or, if there is one, it will be 40 feet away in the factory. A 6½-foot tunnel is to connect factory and heating plant, carry the 12-inch steam main and the six-inch return line and be the entrance to the boiler.

R. G. designed the fire-tube boilers, which, in line with Le Tourneau practice, will work beyond rated capacity at about 500 h.p. to chew up as much as two tons of coal per hour (last week we said, per day).

Our roof is to furnish pure rain water for the boilers. Picked up by gutters, the water will feed into a tank at the side of the boiler house.

Mark Starr is in charge of the heating plant job, is to handle special construction hereafter. Pete Rutschman succeeds him as PCU case foreman.

How is the 100-foot stack going up in one piece, and, incidentally, how are we going to launch the 40-ton house—get it from plant to river? Answer: A new crane now building. Eighty-foot tongue and a normal 20-foot reach when erect (22 feet high), capacity 40 tons. That takes care of the house, but how

about the stack? Turn it around, make the 80-foot tongue a boom, and there you are.

Mrs. Orrin Rutschman and Mrs. Norm Dirks and baby are off to California for a couple months.

Twelve 12-yard CARRYALL orders in two days, and when Willard Rutschman heard we were behind in filling orders and saw the U-18 under construction he innocently asked if R. G. was trying to speed up by building one big one instead of two little ones.

The U-18 was being tried out this week—goes to a job Saturday. Four orders already on hand.

R. G. and the King's Messengers Quartet drive to St. Paul Friday night. Quartet comes back Sunday night. R. G. with Mrs. R. G. goes to Duluth, old home town, for a day.

Frank Watkins, night foreman on 12-Yards, is on two-weeks vacation.

Two of the eight new three-inch 10 h.p. Ex-Cell-O hydraulic drilling heads have arrived.

Morris Blew, night furnace boss, was dangerously ill last week-end with pneumonia, but was better early this week.

Marriage of Harold Kuhn, night setup man, to Pauline Augspurger last month escaped us until some kind friend dropped the notice in the Tool Room news box.

Harold Funcannon, machines, was married last Friday night to Gladys Carr. They spent a week-end honeymoon at Vincennes, Ind.

SAYS RAY

Keep stuff back of the yellow lines that mark off the main aisle, so the transportation crews and cranes can get by. And swing booms of jib cranes when not in use parallel to the aisle; tie 'em if necessary.

How about a steel loop on the jib cranes to fasten the chain to? asks a note in the news box. And did we see the State Safety Inspector going through the plant carrying his safety glasses? asks another note. And how about the safety-glasses law we were going to see on the bulletin board? That's the same question the two Rays (Peterson and Gieszl) asked the Safety Inspector.

PERSONAL: Where has the little dog gone? We bought him safety glasses. Now we can't find him.

NOW

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ISSUED WEEKLY

The Longest Earth Haul on Record



Early last year Export Sales Manager John F. Johannsen made a trip to Iraq, where we now have five 8-yard CARRYALLS working on the Kut Barrage, an irrigation canal project. From ancient Damascus to Baghdad he rode on a huge modern Diesel bus.

In contrast to this modern transportation, when he got to Baghdad he found, on the city's largest construction job, donkeys moving the excavated dirt on their backs—a method that is at least 2800 years old.

It calls to mind a haul of dirt to Damascus that is probably the longest on record—a distance of around 150 miles. The story of this haul appears inside.

Published for everybody connected with R. G. Le Tourneau, Inc.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

General Brings Home Two Loads of Earth

A great Eastern general once went on a 150-mile journey with more than \$20,000 in silver and gold and came home some \$3,880 poorer, as happy as could be, bringing with him a few shovels full of ordinary earth on the backs of two mules.

Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria some 2800 years ago, was a great man in the eyes of his master, an honorable man, noted for his bravery—but a leper.

The Syrian armies, sweeping down on the land of Israel, had carried away captive a little girl, who was given to Naaman's wife for a servant. Distressed about her master's disease, she exclaimed one day, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! For he would recover him of his leprosy."

That word came to Naaman's ear, Naaman took it to the king and, somebody having garbled the little girl's remark, the king sent Naaman from Damascus with a letter to the king of Israel, at Samaria, some 130 miles away, asking him to cure General Naaman of his incurable disease. Naaman took along ten talents of silver (about \$19,400), six thousand pieces of gold (valuation unknown), and ten changes of raiment.

Sure that the Syrian monarch was trying to pick a quarrel by making a demand it was humanly impossible to comply with, the king of Israel tore his clothes in a frenzy of fear. But when the prophet of whom the little girl had been speaking heard about the king being frightened over the letter, he calmly sent word, "Send him to me."

With his horses and chariots, Naaman galloped off to Gilgal, 20 miles further, and with great pomp and importance stood at the door of the Prophet Elisha's house.

Did Elisha hurry out and kneel before this great fighter? He did not. He sent a messenger to tell him, "Go and wash

in the Jordan seven times, and thy flesh will come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

That made Naaman angry. He thought Elisha would come out "and stand and call on the name of the Lord his God, and recover the leper." It was an insult to tell him to wash in that muddy little Jordan. How about Abana and Pharpar, Damascus' great rivers—couldn't he wash in them and be clean? "So he turned and went away in a rage."

But when his wise servants suggested that it was folly not to do this little thing he was directed to do, when he would gladly have performed some great deed to be healed, he changed his mind and went and dipped in the Jordan seven times—"and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean."

A humbled, happy man, he stood before Elisha, acknowledged the God of Israel as the only true God, and begged Elisha to accept a present. Elisha absolutely refused. Then Naaman asked for "two mules' burden of earth." Henceforth, he said, he would no more offer burnt-offering or sacrifice to any other God, but unto the Lord. The earth he apparently wanted as a base for an altar to be erected to God.

So back to Damascus he went joyfully, the mules with their loads of earth following, and he would have arrived there with all the silver, gold and raiment he started out with if Elisha's mercenary servant hadn't run after him to get some of the wealth his master refused. In consequence Naaman left behind two talents of silver (about \$3880), and two changes of raiment.

That, no doubt, is the longest distance two mules ever carried loads of ordinary earth on their backs—around 150 miles, Gilgal to Damascus.

Naaman had gone to Israel laden with wealth, with high dignity, demanding the cure which he credulously thought he could purchase for an incurable disease. Cured, his flesh as clean as that of a little child, he returned joyously and

minus only that which Gehazi had fraudulently taken.

Naaman had gone despising the land of Israel, contemptuous of its waters and especially the river Jordan, alongside which he may have traveled from Damascus. He returned with two mules' burden of this Israelitish earth as his most prized possession. Thereon thereafter he would worship the only true God.

Many sinners think they can go to those who set themselves up as religious monarchs and purchase from them the forgiveness of sins, of which incurable leprosy is a type. Happy are those who discover these usurpers have no authority in spiritual matters, and who then hear from the lips of a faithful man of God the simple Gospel—that all having sinned and come short of the glory of God, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and "that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"But do my goods works—my prayers, my confessions, my penitence, my going to church, my decent living, my giving to the poor—count for nothing?" some will ask.

"All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags."

"Surely I have to do something to earn salvation?"

"Not of works, lest any man should boast."

"Can I do nothing at all for myself to secure forgiveness?"

"When we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly."

Some, sadly, refuse to accept a salvation which leaves out their fancied merits. But to others who would turn away, a faithful conscience whispers, "You'd have gladly done some great thing for salvation; why not do this simple thing? Believe, accept."

Confessing the Lord Jesus and believing that God hath raised Him from the dead, they are cleansed, made righteous,

saved, "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Henceforth they want to serve only the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven.

Wisely, Naaman did not carry back to Syria great tanks of Jordan water in which he might dip any time he felt the leprosy coming on again. He knew he was cured once, completely and for all time. And, as the Lord Jesus told Peter, "He that is washed (in the blood which the Lord Jesus Christ has shed on Calvary's cross as the Lamb of God) needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit." He needs but cleanse His daily walk by application of the Word of God to his life. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9)

Naaman wanted only two mules' burden of Gilgal earth to remind him always where he was cleansed and by Whom, that he might from henceforth serve the true God.

Saved sinners have the simple emblems of the Lord's table—the bread and the cup—to remind them of Calvary's cross and the One Who there suffered the just for the unjust to bring them to God.

The true servant of God, like Elisha, does not make merchandise of the Gospel, but, unfortunately there are some who like Gehazi do. But, despite them salvation is free, for we can do nothing to earn it either before or after.

"Hear the news, sinner: Free, free, free!"

Why not believe it? 'Tis good news to thee.

Jesus, the Just One, has died on the tree,

Died for guilty sinners, and salvation is free!"

NOW

"Behold, NOW is the accepted time: behold, NOW is the day of salvation."—2 Corinthians 6:2.
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